

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LX

November 12, 1912

No. 46

Let It Go

That bitter grudge, that festering hate,
That viper nesting in your soul,—
Pray let it go before too late !
Preserve your peace and self-control.
Your foe is but your own resentment ;
Your chief ill is your heart's complaint ;
You sacrifice your own contentment,
To think yourself a martyred saint.

What profit in a treasured grief ?
What happiness can vengeance bring ?
Is misery a woe's relief ?
Do thorny crowns content a king ?
Your hate harms not the other fellow :
You suffer ; he may live serene.
Come, come ! Let humor keep you mellow,
And patience keep your friendships green.

— Charles Poole Cleaves, in *Boys' World*.

SHANGHAI has a modern kindergarten, and more are to be established.

"I HAVE lived seventy-one years in this world," said an old gentleman, "and I have yet to see the moment when I considered it safe to be discourteous."

THE United States government recently issued a post-office order that periodicals published in raised letters for the blind are to be carried through the mails free.

THE international exchange of children for short periods between France and neighboring countries steadily increases. During the current year there were 184 such exchanges between France and Germany; 86 between France and England; and 4 between France and Spain. The total number of children represented by the exchanges was 554, of whom 430 were boys and 124 girls. By this system, the children of one country are placed in families of the other for the purpose of acquiring practical use of the foreign language. The exchange is carefully supervised, and a strict report kept for each case.

McKEESPORT, Pennsylvania, which receives its water-supply from the Youghiogheny River, the untreated water of which is classed by the United States Geological Survey as the worst water in the country supplied to any city, has a public swimming-pool two hundred forty feet long and one hundred fifty feet wide. This is supplied with water from the purification and softening plants of the city, and flows in and out constantly. The pool is emptied and given a thorough scrubbing each week. Every person is required to take a shower-bath before entering the pool. In winter the bottom of the pool is flooded and used as a skating-rink.

Agricultural Advice

LEAVENWORTH COUNTY, Kansas, is to have a salaried agricultural adviser; it is the first county to have such an officer. It will be his business to visit the farms and test the soil, so as to advise the farmers what crops can best be raised in given localities. He will also give suggestions on dairying, horticulture, and other features of the present-day successful farm.

The Kansas State Agricultural College will send out instructors who are specialists on varied lines, to make trips through the farming country and extend the knowledge of scientific agriculture. They will assist in the movement for good roads, better schools, and cooperation on crops. The organization of corn contests will be a part of their labor.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LX

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., NOVEMBER 12, 1912

No. 46

We Wait the King

MAX HILL

PROUD Babylon has passed away,
And Medo-Persia's glory;
And gone is Grecia's conquering sway;
And Rome is old in story.

Time's fleeting sands are slipping down;
The hours are swiftly flying;
Gone is the day of earth's renown,
And evening winds are sighing.

What wait we for the long night through?
Is some great earth-change nearing? —
O pilgrim! from the heaven's blue
We wait the King's appearing.

Soon will he come whose is the right
To claim the throne eternal;
His is the glory, his the might,
His light the light supernal.

Important Cities of the Lower and Middle Yangtze—No. 3

MYRTIE B. COTTRELL



WUCHANG, with its population of over a million, is the capital of the province of Hupeh. It is a walled city well built, and in far better sanitary condition than most Chinese capitals. It is the seat of the provincial government and a great center of learning. It is situated on the south side of the Yangtze, just opposite Hanyang and Hankow. This city is developing industrially. Here are located the Hupeh cotton-mills, working a thousand looms, and turning out daily three hundred sixty pieces of shirting. Here also is to be found the Wuchang mint, containing machinery for coining four million dollars and about a million taels' worth of subsidiary coin a year. About eleven years ago there were established at this place antimony works, a French property, where antimony, lead, and zinc are crushed, purified, and analyzed by a competent staff. The most modern and complete machinery has been installed, and is working day and night.

Hankow, the "Chicago of China," is situated on the left bank of both the Han and the Yangtze, in the obtuse angle formed by the two rivers, with the city of Hanyang (400,000 inhabitants) lying in the acute angle of the same. Although Hankow's population is only reckoned at about eight hundred seventy thousand, it has long been considered one of the four great trading ports of China, the fact that there is a railroad connecting it with Peking imparting still more value. Notwithstanding it is located six hundred miles from the sea, merchant vessels and men-of-war of considerable size pass up into the limits of its harbor direct from ocean voyages, during half the year, at least. In days gone by, it was known chiefly as a seaport, and its great possibilities in other lines were first pointed out to the Chinese by a foreigner. The commercial advantages have long been realized by foreign governments; for the British, French, Germans, Russians, and the Japanese have concessions there. Modern improvements, including electric lights, telephone, water-supply, and the like, are becoming more and more common. As will probably be remembered, the native city of Hankow was burned and looted last winter during the revolution. Plans are now being discussed for its rebuilding, and no doubt a far better Chinese city will take the place of the burned Hankow.

In the Japanese Concession a match factory pours out half a million boxes of matches daily, while in the French Concession there is an albumin factory which

has stimulated the raising of poultry in the district. In the Russian Concession there are two brick-tea factories, and these, together with the two in the British Concession, undoubtedly constitute the chief industrial enterprises; while in Hanyang great iron- and steel-works add life and activity. As indicating the importance of the tea industry, it may be mentioned that the average annual value of brick-tea passing through the Hankow customs is nearly \$2,250,000.

The first Seventh-day Adventist workers took up residence in Hankow nearly three years ago. A large amount of literature has been sold, the prospering hand of God has been with the work, and up to the present three churches have been organized in Hankow and vicinity.

In this series of articles we have mentioned only a very few of the large cities of China, but one can see how great is the work to be done, and how scanty the workers. Our God has prepared the means by which missionaries may travel in comparative comfort to many parts of this vast field, and the people are willing to hear the message. Surely we ought to use every power at our command to hasten on the good tidings. We realize that there is still a great work to be done for the large cities in the United States; but we plead with you to give a larger place in your reckonings to the unnumbered millions residing in the enterprising cities of the new Chinese republic.

Changsha, Hunan, China.

A Startling Scene

WHILE sauntering through Rock Creek Park, one of the most beautiful parks of Washington, D. C., recently, accompanied by members of my family and a few friends, I was brought face to face with a situation which in miniature portrayed a condition almost universal in European countries. It was a beautiful autumn day, and the trees were bedecked with many colors, the atmosphere bringing to us a spirit of quietness and peace. We were enjoying each moment of time spent in such a harmonious environment, when our eyes rested on a man whose attire was that of a foreigner,—a long gray coat, extending to his feet, a small cap set well back from the face, a leather belt around his waist, in which were revolvers and a large dagger sheath. He scarcely noticed our presence, his entire attention being given to two women who were gathering autumn leaves. He remained at a respectful

distance from the women, and his demeanor toward them was one of great respect. A few rods distant was a handsome carriage with a magnificent span of horses, and the driver, a man of good physique, also kept his eye on the women, moving his team toward them as they sauntered along the greensward on the bank of the creek.

One of our company recognized the women as the wife and daughter of a foreign ambassador to the United States, and immediately we understood the meaning of the armed guard. In a land of freedom they were in danger of assassination, and their government furnished them protection.

Even such an incident had a lesson for me. We are God's ambassadors in this world of sin, and he assures us of his constant protection. No armed guard is needed; angels who excel in strength surround us, and they are ever alert lest in any way danger come to us. What a comforting thought—ever guarded by beings who can not be taken by surprise, for their vision takes in all points of the compass! They will deliver the believers, and their greatest joy will be to gather us to meet Him who has redeemed us with his own precious blood.

JOHN N. QUINN.

Abyssinian New-Year's

THE Abyssinian new year begins the eleventh of September, except when leap-year occurs, when it begins with the twelfth. The

Abyssinians count thirty days to the month, which gives only three hundred sixty days in twelve months. So an extra month, which they call *Pagumien*, and which generally has five days, is added. In leap-year this month has six days. There is also a difference of several years between their reckoning of time and ours; for example, while we say Sept. 11, 1912, it is to them New-year's of 1905, or *Mescherem*, Jan. 1, 1905. Most of the people, however, know little about what year or time we have, neither do they care to trouble about that, as all such and similar things which they term wisdom are left to the priests. The people look to them for news and orders. Few of the common people can give their age, showing the general ignorance. All knowledge is supposed to be in the hands of the priests and teachers of the church.

The new year is opened with the feasts of St. Bartholomew and John the Baptist. For nearly a month previous to New-year's, the boys of the villages gather dry shrubbery and sticks, which they tie in long oblong bundles, and on New-year's eve in every village can be seen a long marching line of boys and older ones carrying these lighted fire bundles, and yelling "Hoi! Hoi!" They march around the village, and to the village church. When through marching about here and there, they all gather at one place, throw down the remains of their burning brush, and then start to jump over the burning fire. It is a spectacle to see these half-naked people in their feasting and excitement jump through the flames, and it reminds one that we are not wholly separated from the jungle and wilds,

though it is all done in the name of Christianity. The next morning the people arise very early, and all are supposed to go through a sort of purification, all are expected to wash from head to foot. Those who can do so go to some stream or lake, while others perform the service in their homes. Later the people gather at the village church, where the priests announce the feast-days for the year.

These feasts are too numerous to mention. The Abyssinians feast about half of the year and fast the other half. The longest fasts are a forty days' fast before Easter; a forty days' fast before the Peter-and-Paul Feast; fifteen days for the Mary Feast, with fasts of shorter durations. Feasts also are very numerous. There is a feast to Mary about every month, to Michael, St. Gabriel, St. George, Tecle Haimanote, Ball Gebre Musfus Kudos, etc., until the people are overburdened with feasts as well as fasts, feasts also being reminders that priests await their share in these holiday celebrations.

Another very interesting thing on New-year's is to

see in the early morning hour all the people bringing their live stock, as oxen, sheep, goats, and donkeys, to the churchyard, to march around the church for a certain number of times. The new year is begun with the mass of the village priests.

Thousands of the native people here can not read, which is the prime cause for their ignorance. Dear

reader, thank God for

the open Book, the Bible, and pray that the truth-laden Word, earth's greatest and most effective disseminator of truth and remover of darkness, may find its way to Abyssinia's millions.

I am glad to be able to tell you that already three camel-loads of Bibles and Protestant literature have crossed the borders into Abyssinia, and two mules loaded with Galla literature have left Asmara for Galla. Thus a beginning has been made, which we hope will spread mightily, that the inhabitants of this benighted land may also be numbered among those that shall see the salvation of our God.

ANOL GRUNDSET.

Asmara, East Africa.

Unique Chapel Exercise

WALLA WALLA College enjoyed a very interesting chapel exercise recently. The professors who usually sit on the platform took seats below, and eighteen young people who had the privilege of representing the college in the canvassing field last summer faced the student body. They had been asked by Brother W. R. Beatty, our field canvassing agent, to take about five minutes each in telling some of their interesting experiences in connection with the book work. But before beginning, President Kellogg read the following verses, which contain a special charge and promise for the canvasser: "After these things the Lord appointed other seventy also, and sent them two and two before his face into every city and place, whither he himself

Opportunity

MASTER of human destinies am I!
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait;
Cities and fields I walk;
I penetrate deserts and seas remote,
And passing by hovel and mart and palace,
Soon or late, knock unbidden once at every gate.
If sleeping, wake! If feasting, rise!
Before I turn away. It is the hour of fate;
And those who follow me reach every state mortals desire,
And conquer every foe save death.
But those who doubt or hesitate, condemned to failure,
Penury, and woe, seek me in vain, and uselessly implore.
I answer not, and return no more.

—John J. Ingalls.

would come. . . . And the seventy returned again with joy, saying, Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through thy name. And he said unto them, . . . Behold, I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy: and nothing shall by any means hurt you." All joined in singing "Bringing in the Sheaves." We were led in prayer by Elder Dart, who thanked God for the privileges and opportunities which we enjoy in being workers together with him. Then we listened with unflagging interest for an hour and a quarter to the varied experiences and blessings which these students enjoyed in active labor for the Master during the past few months.

One told of a night spent in a camp with forty loggers, and how he rose before the others were awake and walked around among them, viewing each face and thinking of the orders which he expected.

One young man, tramping through trails and canyons, and over the hills of the rugged Western country, succeeded in selling seven hundred fifty dollars' worth of books, and is now enjoying a year in college as the result. He made \$85 pay his summer's expenses.

A young woman told how she gained an entrance to a very aristocratic and wealthy home through the aid of a little child whom she met on the street, and interested by showing him pictures in "Best Stories." She was delayed in her delivery a half-day, and the little fellow was so disappointed that she found him lying on the bed crying about it.

One young man sold sixty-eight dollars' worth of books in a single day. Sixteen dollars' worth of these he placed in one home, but he said the richest blessings did not always come with the largest sales, but rather on those days when he spent the most time in prayer, and when the Lord used him in reaching some soul whom he could help.

Several learned the lesson of not passing any one by. One young woman felt impressed to follow a little foot-path. It ended in a cemetery, a most unlikely place for selling books, but she found a man digging a grave, and he gave her his order.

There were many lessons learned, not lessons from books, but from the great Master Teacher, and from his children who are seeking for light, and whose debtors we are. One learned of the healing power of God when sick and among strangers. Others learned lessons of self-denial and faith. All were blessed and grateful for their experience, and now appreciate the opportunity of a year in school as a result of their summer's work.

At the close of chapel a canvassing band was organized, which will continue during the year.

The sales of the North Pacific Union Conference for the last nine months exceeded the sales of any other union conference. During this time thirty-eight thousand dollars' worth of books was shipped into this field.

WINIFRED L. HOLMDEN.

An Institution That Starts With \$10,000,000

FEW institutions of learning have begun their existence under such auspicious circumstances as the William M. Rice Institute, which opened its doors this fall at Houston, Texas, with an original fund of \$10,000,000 for endowment and maintenance; with the

foremost educators in the nation aiding in planning its future; with picked men for administrative offices and faculty; and with a vigorous, growing country in which to prosper and wield its influence.

Rice Institute was made possible by the munificence of William Marsh Rice, a native of Massachusetts, but for many years a resident of Houston. Before his death in 1900, Mr. Rice made far-reaching plans for the establishment of a non-political and non-sectarian institution to be dedicated to the advancement of letters, science, and art. During the long period of litigation that followed Mr. Rice's death, the trustees

called Dr. Edgar Odell Lovett, a professor in Princeton University and a man of wide experience and lofty aims, to aid them as president in realizing the founder's aspirations. President Lovett was instructed to learn all he could about other institutions of higher learning before beginning his own. He traveled all over the world in the interest of the new enterprise, visited the leading educational and scientific establishments, and returned in the summer of 1909 from a year's journey of study that extended from England to Japan. Meanwhile the trustees had secured three hundred acres of land on the extension of Houston's main thoroughfare as a site for the institute, and engaged experts to begin upon a comprehensive architectural plan, that would embody in succeeding years the purposes of the institute. This fall building operations had progressed so far that it was deemed advisable to hold formal dedication exercises, and to open the institution to students.

Opportunity

[Mr. Malone, the author of the following poem written as a response to that of Mr. Ingalls on the preceding page, is a judge of the circuit court of Memphis, Tennessee.]

THEY do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock, and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away;
Weep not for golden ages on the wane.
Each night I burn the records of the day;
At sunrise every soul is born again!

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped;
To banished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though, deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say, "I can;"
No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep
But yet might rise and be again a man.

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past,
And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? rouse thee from thy spell;
Art thou a sinner? sins may be forgiven;
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell;
Each night, a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

—Walter Malone.

"LOVE the beautiful, seek out the true,
Wish for the good, and the best do."



Life's Task

HAST thou some Heaven-sent task? with promptness choose it;
Some little talent given? fail not to use it.
Hast found some stream of truth? be quick to span it;
Or spark of latent good? be swift to fan it.
If wisdom's pearl is yet unfound, then seek it;
Is there some comfort word unsaid? O speak it!
Is there a cry of woe unheeded? then heed it;
Some worthy cause unhelped by thee? go, speed it.
Behold life's rushing tide of ill, and stem it;
Where wrong is blatant, undisturbed, condemn it.
Though crime be skulking, well concealed, yet find it;
Go, chase it from its secret lair and bind it.
Are life-lines short? then thou the cords must lengthen;
Where faith, hope, love, are weak, haste thou to strengthen.
When tempted souls despairing falter, nerve them.
Wherever human lives have need, there serve them.

—Independent.

The Grasses Higher Up



ONE day an aged man and a boy sat watching some sheep that were grazing along the side of the mountain. "Look!" exclaimed the boy suddenly. "One of them is trying to get to the bench above." The old man said nothing. Twice, thrice, and even a fourth time the animal attempted to clamber up to a higher level, but he failed. The fifth trial was made, and with it came success.

"Good!" said the lad. "I'm glad he made it at last. And now some more of them are going to try it."

The gray-haired man continued to gaze in that direction, but no comment escaped him.

Some half dozen other sheep walked over to the foot of the ledge. One made two attempts to scale the height, and failed; a second tried once; the others only looked up toward the one above. One of them bleated. In the meantime the one that had been successful was peacefully cropping the juicy grasses along that higher level.

"Lad," said the old man, "you saw there the working out of a great principle of all life, including, of course, human life."

"How so?" the youth inquired.

"It's like this," was the reply. "That one could not be balked in his determination to scale the cliff, while the others could—two or three of them didn't even try. He's up there getting his reward, while they have to make the best of the poorer quality of grass that has been grazed over many times. And so it is with men—it is a rocky trail rather than a flower-lined, beaten path to the grasses higher up. You may rest assured that as you proceed along the way, you will sometimes find it barred by rough, perpendicular ledges, things the surmounting of which requires manly determination. Any young man may choose, however, between two things,—to rise above the seeming obstacles, and thus get the really good things of life, or to stay in the valley with the common herd and do without them."—*Ambition.*

"BROKEN eggs can not be mended."

The Real Test

"OF course they are happy," said a neighbor of the Lacys. "They have never known any real trouble; they are always well, and they have plenty of means. It is easy to be happy under such conditions."

"I think that they are happy," said a second neighbor, "because of their sincere and deep religious faith."

"They have never had to depend on that," returned the first. "Any one could be happy with their good luck. Let them lose that, and we should soon see what their religion would do for them."

Two hours later, Mrs. Lacy was called to the telephone. The message made her heart stand still.

"My husband! A serious accident! They are taking him to the hospital? O God, be merciful! O, I need thy help!"

The next day the stricken wife learned that her husband would never walk again.

Blow after blow fell upon this hitherto fortunate family. A serious illness impaired the sight of the youngest child. Then Mr. Lacy's income was suddenly cut in two by the dishonesty of a business partner. The family faced actual poverty.

One day the two neighbors met and talked again.

"It is astonishing!" cried the skeptical one. "I can not believe it."

"What?"

"The Lacys. I have just been to see Mrs. Lacy. She is the same brave, happy woman, and he, too, seems as cheerful as ever. How do you account for that?"

"It is their religion," said the other. "It is real; it supports and comforts them."

"I can not understand it. She said to me: 'We are happy. I can not tell you how near the Heavenly Father has seemed to us through all these days. God is very good to us.' There must be something in a religion like that."

"Yes; did not Job say, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him'? Isn't that what we all need—a religion that is sufficient for any experience in life? Unless we have it, can we call ourselves happy? I was sure the Lacys had it, and the test has proved it. In spite of their misfortunes, they are the happiest of us all."—*Youth's Companion.*

Searching Questions for Professed Christians

Do you speak of the faults of others unnecessarily?

Do you love to hear others praised when God has worked through them?

Can you rejoice to see another succeed when you have failed?

In every heart there is a supreme place—a sort of throne. Who sits in yours, an idol, self, or God?

Can you pretend to love Christ without exerting yourself for the spiritual welfare of those for whom he died?

Do you give hard judgment on sins to which you have never been tempted, while you are full of excuses for your own?

Do you impute the lower motive in any case of ambiguous conduct instead of "hoping all things," as love demands?

Can you recollect six times in your life that you ever denied yourself to the extent of *real inconvenience* from love to God?

Do you come up even to the Jewish standard of giving a tenth part of your income to God's service?

Do you try to find out subjects of sympathy instead

of dwelling on and aggravating the points on which you differ from those around you?

Do you ever pretend to greater knowledge than you possess, or take unworthy means to hide your ignorance or appropriate undeserved praise?

Can you be said really to believe in God when the presence of a human being is a greater restraint upon your actions than the fact of his all-seeing eye?

Have you thought how much greater is the shame you feel when a sin is *discovered* than when it was hidden from the knowledge of others, although God saw it all the time?

Do you get real pleasure from your prayers, reading, and meditation on holy things? or do you get through them to satisfy the demands of conscience, and are secretly glad when they are over?—*Bible Truth Depot*.

Good Counsel

HERE are some characteristic maxims from William Penn's charming little book of maxims:—

"It is safer to learn than teach; and who conceals his opinion has nothing to answer for."

"The jealous are troublesome to others, but a torment to themselves."

"It shows a depraved state of mind to cark and care for that which one does not need."

"God sends the poor to try us, as well as he tries them by being such; and he that refuses them a little out of a great deal that God has given him lays up poverty in store for his own posterity."

"There can be no friendship where there is no freedom. Friendship loves a free air, and will not be penned up in straight and narrow enclosures. It will speak freely, and act so, too; and take nothing ill where no ill is meant; nay, where it is, 'twill easily forgive, and forget, too, upon small acknowledgments."

"What we love, we'll hear; what we love, we'll trust; and what we love, we'll serve, aye, and suffer for, too."

Don't's and Do's for Public Speakers

GRENVILLE KEISER, of New York City, formerly professor of public speaking at Yale University, has issued the following list of "Don't's and Do's for Public Speakers:"—

DON'T'S

Don't apologize.

Don't shout.

Don't hesitate.

Don't attitudinize.

Don't be personal.

Don't be "funny."

Don't be sarcastic.

Don't declaim.

Don't fidget.

• Don't speak in a high key.

Don't pace the platform.

Don't distort your words.

Don't exceed your time limit.

Don't emphasize everything.

Don't praise yourself.

Don't tell a long story.

Don't sway your body.

Don't fatigue your audience.

Don't speak through closed teeth.

Don't drink while speaking.

Don't fumble with your clothes.

Don't hem and haw.

Don't stand like a statue.

Don't clear your throat.

Don't speak rapidly.

Don't antagonize.

Don't overgesticulate.

Don't wander from your subject.

Don't be awkward.

Don't address the ceiling.

Don't be monotonous.

Don't put your hands on your hips.

Don't be violent.

Don't rise on your toes.

Don't forget to sit down when you have finished.

DO'S

Do be prepared.

Do begin slowly.

Do be modest.

Do speak distinctly.

Do address all your hearers.

Do be uniformly courteous.

Do prune your sentences.

Do cultivate mental alertness.

Do conceal your method.

Do be scrupulously clear.

Do feel sure of yourself.

Do look your audience in the eyes.

Do be direct.

Do favor your deep tones.

Do speak deliberately.

Do get to your facts.

Do be earnest.

Do observe your pauses.

Do suit the action to the word.

Do be yourself at your best.

Do speak fluently.

Do use your abdominal muscles.

Do make yourself interesting.

Do be conversational.

Do conciliate your opponent.

Do rouse yourself.

Do be logical.

Do have your wits about you.

Do be considerate.

Do open your mouth.

Do speak authoritatively.

Do cultivate sincerity.

Do cultivate brevity.

Do cultivate tact.

Do end swiftly.

In brief: Stand up so that you can be seen. Speak up so that you can be heard. Shut up so that you will be liked.—*Young People*.

Seed Thoughts

SOME persons are so narrow-minded and so wedded to this world's goods, that they can scarcely see anything that has not a money proposition in it.

Although God has declared in his Word that "the love of money is the root of all evil," these persons seem to think that money is the only thing of value.

Now money of itself has no value whatever. It is of real value only for the valuable things that it will purchase. When used in purchasing unnecessary and harmful things, it becomes a curse.

Character, useful knowledge, and ability and disposition to administer to the uplifting of others are among the things that have real value.

J. W. LOWE.



Gleanings From "Popular Mechanics"

Molasses Used to Lay Dust in Africa

THE use of molasses to lay dust in the diamond mine section of South Africa bids fair to turn that section of the world into a huge sheet of fly-paper, according to *African Engineering*. It has been attended with great success wherever tried, and possesses, it is stated, many advantages over water and other dust layers. The molasses is used in a diluted



TWO ANGORA GOATS FROM WHOSE FLEECES \$3,000 WORTH OF FALSE HAIR WAS MADE

state, and not only covers dust in the roadways, but absorbs dust and moisture from the atmosphere as well. The only difficulty in the use of the solution is the resulting mud, which is very sticky and makes the streets and roads where it has been used almost uncomfortable for ordinary use. The scientists employed in the mines are now working on schemes to overcome this objectionable feature.

Eels Meet Death Trying to Imitate Salmon

While it may not be right to state that the eel is the monkey of the sea, at the same time the imitative faculty possessed by eels is responsible for the death of large numbers of them in the waters of the northwestern portion of the United States, where salmon abound. The salmon, as is well known, have the ability to go up-stream and even to climb up waterfalls. For a number of years fishermen in the Willamette and Columbia Rivers have found large numbers of dead eels at certain seasons of the year. There was no explanation of the cause of this condition until a short time ago when one of the fish-and-game wardens undertook an investigation which developed the fact that the eels met their fate in attempting to imitate the salmon in going up-stream. It appears that the eels managed to do fairly well as long as there was only an even stream; but when the waterfalls intervened, their fate was almost immediate. They would attempt to climb up the face of the fall, be washed back and crushed by the weight of the water. During the month of July, 1912, more than sixty tons of eels were gathered from the river. They have been used as food for the young salmon the government is breeding at one of its large fish hatcheries.

Doping the Soil to Make Flowers Thrive

Potassium permanganate, a chemical that is commonly used as an antiseptic or disinfectant, and may be purchased at any drug store, is found beneficial under certain conditions in flower culture. If, for instance, the sweet peas do not thrive, the soil will often be benefited by spraying or sprinkling with a solution

consisting of one ounce of this chemical to six ounces of water. The potassium permanganate kills some of the injurious organisms in the soil, and is also especially effective in killing the green fly which infests rose-bushes. Care should be taken, however, not to make the solution stronger than the proportions mentioned.

Terrapin Hunting in the South

Terrapin farming is one of the industries peculiar to the lower coast of Louisiana and Mississippi. At Grand Isle, on the southern shore of Louisiana, are pens containing as many as nine thousand terrapins, and the big turtles are hunted with dogs in the surrounding swamp prairie.

The terrapin is fed regularly with meat, and the mere chopping of the meat-ax on the block near the pen will bring them racing to that end of the pen like chickens to a feed of corn.

Paper From Tasmanian Blue-Gum Tree

Extensive experiments, recently made in England, show, contrary to expectations, that the wood of the Tasmanian blue-gum tree is particularly adapted to the manufacture of the heavier and better grades of paper; and a plant, capitalized at more than a million dollars, is to be erected in Tasmania.

The Tasmanian blue-gum, which grows extensively in California and Australia, as well as in Tasmania, has the most rapid growth of any tree in the world. It is not killed when cut down, but grows up again, reaching a height of fifty feet or more in four or five years.

Until a few years ago, this tree was considered worthless in California, except for fence posts or for fuel, but of late, owing to the beautiful finish it takes, it has come into use for interior woodwork in fine buildings and residences. Its possibilities as a material for the manufacture of paper are most important.

Monorail Lines Planned for Alaska

A railroad builder in Alaska intends to extend transportation facilities to regions of the far north hitherto inaccessible to ordinary railroads by utilizing the monorail system and the gyroscopic car. Little has been done, since the discovery that a car on a single



A MONORAIL CAR

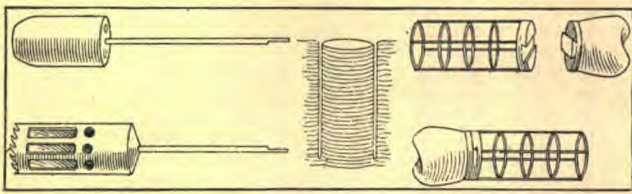
track could maintain stability through gyroscopic force, to utilize the discovery for practical work. Gyroscopic cars have been built and run, but largely as curiosities. The inventor of the monorail gyroscopic car has covered the world with his patents, and one or two roads have been built to operate the system, largely, however, for the benefit of amusement enterprises. Now a practical railroad builder of Alaska has taken up the matter, and after obtaining rights from the inventor, has about completed plans for the construction of roads through the north. The building of equipment will be started shortly in Seattle.

The idea is to utilize the system for short hauls of

ten or fifteen miles where the canyons and steep grades forbid the construction of regular steam roads. A gasoline-driven car will be used on these roads. No attempt will be made to run trains, as it is the belief of the engineers who have investigated the system that better results are obtained by the use of single cars. It is probable that prior to the construction of the roads in Alaska, tests will be made on experimental roads to be constructed at San Francisco for use during the Panama-Pacific Exposition, and in Redmond County, Washington, where a community of farmers has become interested in the system, and is contemplating the building of a twenty-mile interurban road to connect its section with the Seattle markets.

Artificial Roots for False Teeth

To complete false teeth, a dentist of Wichita, Kansas, has invented an artificial root, by means of which an entire new set of sound teeth can be placed in a jaw from which all the natural teeth and roots



Tools for cutting out gum and jaw-bone. Wire root and tooth ready for placing in jaw-bone.

have been removed. To prove that his invention is of practical value, he recently took with him to the convention of the National Dental Association in Washington, D. C., a Wichita attorney who has a number of these artificial roots in his jaws.

Two hollow, cylindrical instruments, one chisel-edged and the other with a saw-tooth edge, are used to make a hole, respectively, in the gum and in the bony tissue in which the roots grow. Into this hole a crate-like framework of platinum is fitted. The tissue grows through the interstices of the framework, and six weeks after the operation the metal root is firmly fastened, practically a part of the jaw.

On top of the latticed cylinder forming the root, is a metal disk having a slot, into which another disk is fitted; and upon this latter an artificial tooth or bridge is built up in the ordinary way. When a whole jaw is to be fitted with teeth, about six roots are set, and the space between them is bridged.

The platinum root is impervious to acids, and does not injure the tissue which grows about it. The exhibition of the artificial root excited much interest among dentists from all parts of the country.

A Butterfly Farm

One of the most curious farms in England is devoted entirely to the raising of butterflies. This farm, covering three acres of land on the outskirts of Bexley, Kent, England, and providing its owner with a profit of about \$2,500 a year, presents a somewhat peculiar appearance. All the land is covered with bushes, undergrowth, and saplings, with a few big trees, and nearly every young tree and bush is enveloped in huge

bags of gauze, or hanging zinc cages, while many clumps of trees are entirely surrounded by wire netting as a protection from birds.

On this jungle farm are raised every sort of British butterfly and moth. The owner sells upward of thirty thousand preserved insects a year at prices varying from a few cents to fifty dollars. Schoolboys and well-known collectors form the bulk of the patronage.

Hints for Busy People

THE following health hints are some of the suggestions that the National Cash Register Company, of Dayton, Ohio, has printed in a neat little booklet for the good of its employees and their friends:—

"The only night air that is injurious is last night's.

"Do not consider any vice as trivial, and therefore practise it; or any virtue as unimportant, and therefore omit it.

"What we eat to-day is working and thinking to-morrow.

"Body work is indispensable to first-class brain work."

Hiccup

HICCUP is the spasmodic contraction of the diaphragm; it may be a symptom of the most trivial importance that yields to the simplest kind of treatment, or of a serious and intractable affection that persists for a long time, and even produces death by exhaustion. No one may hope to be entirely free from hiccup; in its simple form it is extremely frequent, but upon the whole it is more common with children than with adults.

Sometimes the attack comes on without any apparent cause; but it may follow a sudden chill, such as that caused by stepping from a warm bed to a cold room; it may accompany a violent fit of crying, or it may be due to the distention of the stomach by food or gas. Severe fright or nervous shock has also been known to lead to intractable attacks of hiccup.

A feeble infant with whom hiccup comes to be of daily occurrence often falls into a state of extreme exhaustion; in such a case great care should be taken to ward off or to put an early stop to the attack.

Where there is any serious disorder of the abdominal organs, persistent hiccup is a disquieting symptom; and when it occurs as an accompaniment of kidney disease, it is almost always of grave significance. In simple cases very slight measures are sufficient to

put an end to the attack. Anything that causes a feeling of suffocation will generally effect a cure, because that feeling naturally results in a forced contraction of the diaphragm. One old-fashioned remedy is the slow sipping of a glass of water; another is the drawing and holding of deep breaths at regular intervals.

In the case of small babies a mere change of position will sometimes stop an attack. When the hiccup does not yield promptly to simple measures, careful search should be made for the cause. In the case of infants or small children, this is usually connected with the diet.—*Youth's Companion*.



Gauze nets around trees on butterfly farm keep the caterpillars from escaping.

Thanksgiving



It was a burning desire for freedom of worship of the true God that caused our Pilgrim Fathers to leave their homes in England and come to a land unknown to them, suffering the hardships of a pioneer life. But it was necessary that they leave unknown to King James; for if he had known their plans, he would not have permitted them to leave, so they decided to go first secretly to Holland. Boxes and bundles were all put aboard the ship, and just as they were about to sail, thinking that soon all their troubles were to be left behind, the dreaded officers of the king boarded the ship. The master of the ship had betrayed them. He gave them up to the king's officers, who ransacked their goods, searched their persons for money, and at length took them ashore and cast them into prison. Here they remained for a month.

But this trouble made them all the more eager and determined to leave. Again they secretly planned. A Dutch vessel was secured. This ship was anchored at a point between Hull and Grimsby. The women and children were sent to this place in a small vessel, while the men went by land.

The ship was anchored near the shore. One boat-load of men had been taken from the shore and the small boat was returning for another load, when a mob of people, armed with guns, sticks, and various weapons, rushed up and attacked the Puritans. The Dutch master of the ship became frightened, and sailed away with the one boat-load of men, leaving all the others behind, and refused to stop and let them go ashore for their wives and children, but took them on to Holland.

Those who were left behind were driven from one place to another. They had no homes, having sold them and most of their belongings to get the money for their journey. They had not even shelter. They endured all these hardships so patiently and were "of such godly bearing" that the people began to respect them greatly. In the year 1607 they were allowed to leave for Holland, where they joined the men who had been there so many months. Here in Amsterdam and Leyden they lived for twelve years.

On Sept. 6, 1620, the "Mayflower," a ship that might part asunder at any time, containing one hundred two persons, started alone on the journey of two months over seas scarcely known. We are told that when the Pilgrims landed upon the cold, bleak shore, where the wind threw the spray upon them, which froze as it fell, they knelt and blessed God who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean, and delivered them from all the perils and miseries thereof.

Seven log houses were built at first, and in these all the people of the colony lived. The Indians were friendly to the Pilgrims because they had always been kindly treated. In time many of the Pilgrims became sick and died. At one time food was so scarce that they had but five grains of corn a day for each person. But an Indian named Squanto taught the people how to hunt and fish and plant corn.

The summer came, the corn grew, food was plenty, and all was well with the Puritans once more. It was decided to have a great rejoicing, and give thanks to God for helping them out of their trouble. So they invited the Indians to a great feast. They had meat of the wild turkey and the deer, and cakes of corn bread,

and ripe red cranberries. Nuts grew in the woods, and the Indians brought popcorn, the first that the Pilgrims had ever seen. For three days, with their friends the Indians, they feasted and gave thanks, rejoicing in their freedom. It was in this way that we began to celebrate Thanksgiving day.

Let us who are living in this land of plenty compare our Thanksgiving day with that of our Pilgrim Fathers, and see if the same motive prompts us to celebrate this day as inspired them. Shall we not make our Thanksgiving day all that its name implies, and recognize from whom all blessings and bounties flow by rendering to him his dues? — *Ollie Taylor.*

The Parting

When I leave here,
To set my foot reluctant on the alien soil
Of shores inhospitable, or hills untilled and bare,
Whate'er I leave, how dear,
I do not wish to think that I shall greatly care;
I hope that I shall set my face for thankless toil,
When I leave here.

When I leave here,
The soft gray willow buds will stand in softer green;
The long brown furrows will be stretching o'er the land;
And windflowers from the sear
And homely breast of earth will spring their beauty band;
And redwings will be fluting from the reeds between,
When I leave here.

When I leave here,
The bluebirds will be chiding, in the apple-tree,
The noisy gamins that have robbed them of a home;
And intricately clear,
The clink of chain, the low and bleat of herds will come,
The lilt of bird-song, and the hum of winging bee,
When I leave here.

When I leave here,
The voices that have taught me from the earth and sky
Will not be memories of life, but teachers still;
And year by silent year
Within my listening heart they yet shall work their will;
They are God's angels, and I will not let them die,
When I leave here.

When I leave here,
I shall take with me memories of voice and face,
Of hearty handclasp, and of gracious silent prayer.
And yet I do not fear
The parting; and my countenance, in truth, shall never wear
The careful model of an ugly grief's ungrace,
When I leave here.

When I leave here,
I know that I shall meet you all some better day;
I know that I am going but on duty bent;
And you, I pray, appear
As you were also on some sacred mission sent;
It will be much the truer and the happier way,
When we leave here.

When I leave here,
I do not wish my friends to gather round with sighs
At some bald gathering where mock good-bys are said;
But with a better cheer
I wish to clasp each hand as each his way is sped,
And say a glad "God speed you" with unweeping eyes,
When I leave here.

When I leave here,
There will be passed another mile-stone on the way,
And all of joy is garnered, all of grief is dead.
The end is very near,
The kingdom comes; and that, when all besides is said,
Is both the very last and all I wish to say,
When I leave here.

ARTHUR W. SPAULDING.

THE end of man is an action, and not a thought, though it were the noblest.—*Carlyle.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE



Good Counsel

LITTLE children, always be
Kind to everything you see.
Do not kick the table's legs;
Don't beat unoffending eggs;

Do not mischievously try
To poke things in a needle's eye,
Nor guilty be of such a fault
As to pinch the table salt.

Do not pull a teapot's nose;
Don't ask bread what time it rose;
Little pitchers' ears don't tweak,
Nor smack the apple's rosy cheek.

But remember it is right
To all things to be polite.
Let the hay-scales have their weigh;
Wish the calendar good day;

Kiss the clock upon its face;
Return the armchair's fond embrace;
Greet the sieve in merry strain;
Ask the window how's its pane.

If you learn to show such traits
To your dumb inani-mates,
Toward your playmates, then, you'll find
You've an amiable mind.

— Carolyn Wells, in *Harper's Monthly*.

On the Trolley Car



HE was such a sweet-faced, motherly looking, cheerful old lady that more than one passenger looked at her with something like envy. There was a fresh color in her cheeks, and her white hair was tucked smoothly away under a black bonnet trimmed with purple ribbon. By her side

were an umbrella, and a basket covered with a snowy cloth. The car going to the city was soon crowded, and a tall boy in shabby clothes took the vacant seat beside her.

The little old lady looked at him. She noticed the sad, gloomy eyes, and the somewhat reckless expression on the young face.

"Going to the city?" she asked in a friendly fashion and with a smile.

The boy started. His thoughts had been far away, and were not pleasant ones.

"Yes," he answered somewhat gruffly, but she did not seem to notice it.

"So am I," she said. "There's a big Sunday-school convention there to-day, and Sarah Ann, she's the married daughter who lives with me, said: 'Now, ma, here's your chance. You can go to that convention just as well as not. You're always taking up with Sunday-schools. Now's your opportunity to get into a real live convention, and see how other people do things.'"

The little old lady looked at the gloomy-faced lad again.

"I took it," she went on happily, "though it was a real busy time, and I had sitting hens to look after, and hens just off with little chickens. I calculated that they could stand it for one day. I thought to myself that I'd better take Sarah Ann's advice, bein' as this convention doesn't come but once a year, so I brought my lunch along, and I'm going to put in a full day."

She lifted the snowy cloth that covered the basket.

"Have a sandwich and a doughnut," she said hospitably. "Do now; I brought plenty along."

"Thank you." The gloomy-faced lad took them, and put them in his pocket. He did not tell her that he had had no breakfast, and no supper the night before; that he was out of work, and discouraged and unhappy; that he had no place to lay his head. He did not tell her that. Perhaps she guessed it. If she did, she made no sign.

The little old lady smiled at him with her motherly eyes.

"Do you go to Sunday-school?" she asked. The boy looked at her.

"Not now; I used to, once, but I drifted away. Got it into my head that the teacher didn't care much, so I left."

"Some teachers do not take much interest," remarked the little old lady, reflectively; then she smiled.

"I have a class of young men about your age," she added. "We have real good times, too. They tell me all their worries, and I try the best I can to help them. The Sunday-school is about half a mile from our house, and we go as regularly as Sunday comes. It's the best day of all, Sunday is. Once in a while I have them all come over, and I make them candy, and the boys crack nuts and eat apples; and every summer I always have a strawberry feast. They look forward to that. But I'm getting old, and I don't want to fall into a rut. That's why I'm going to this convention. If there are any better ways of doing things than the way I go about them, I want to know it. I don't want my boys to get away from me."

The boy looked at her and smiled. It was his first smile of the day; for the world had looked dark to him that morning. No one had given him a kind word, no one seemed to care. What was the use of trying to be good? He would give it up. At least, that was what he had thought until he had seen the little old lady.



Popular Mechanics

A HAPPY FAMILY: A MOTHER CAT AND HER ADOPTED
BABY RATS

"I think your way of doing things must be first rate," he said with a boyish smile. "I haven't thought much of Sunday-school or things like that these last two or three years," he added, "but you—you kind of make me homesick for them. There was one song, I remember, we used to sing that I always liked. It was, 'Onward, Christian Soldiers.'"

The little old lady saw the look in the brown eyes. She reached over and suddenly took his hand.

"You'd better come back," she said gently. "You won't find anything in all the world as satisfying as the religion of Jesus Christ. It's the thing to live by, and die by, too. I've tried to serve him for over forty years, and I ought to know."

There was a silence, then she continued softly: "Your mother—is she living?"

The boy shook his head. "No, she's dead; father, too, and I've made a mess of things. Gone from one thing to another until now I haven't a cent."

The little old lady looked at him reflectively.

The boy faced her.

"You needn't be afraid. I haven't done anything wrong yet."

"Of course not," she answered heartily, "and you're not going to either. You may think there's no place in the world for you. But there is."

She looked at him again.

"How would you like to come out to my place and work for me?" she asked. "We need some one now. No, I'm not afraid. There's something about you I trust."

"Thank you," said the lad, still gruffly.

The car stopped.

"Well, here we are," said the little old lady, cheerfully. "The convention is out on Eleventh and Washington, but I'll be here at six o'clock to-night. Will you meet me here?"

The brown eyes met the anxious ones regarding him.

"Let me help you off the car," he said with a queer catch in his voice; and then he added gently, "Thank you, I'll be here."

He helped her board the car, then he turned back and walked to the station.

"Wasn't she good and thoughtful and motherly?" whispered the boy. "She has faith in me. Why shouldn't I have a chance? Why shouldn't I make good? I've been discouraged and I've lost heart, but she's given it back. She didn't pass me by. She thought enough of me to give me a kind word. I believe in her kind of religion. If more Sunday-school teachers were like her, there would be more boys reached and saved."

At six she came down to the station. He was standing there waiting. "Was the convention good?" he asked.

"Good? It was great," she answered with the same cheerful voice. "And the singing, O, it was good to hear them sing." And then she smiled. "They sang your song, 'Onward, Christian Soldiers.' I'm going back to do the best I can for our little country school," and she smiled again. "I've found out something. The city schools aren't doing it all. We turn out more useful citizens, more men that do things, more noted people, than do the city schools. Yes, sir, the little country Sunday-school is doing a great work. I'm proud to be connected with one. You see, we haven't so much to take up our time as city people have. Our school comes first with us, and of course we succeed. We're not all the time going to moving-picture shows and theaters. When our work is done, you will find us studying our Bibles; and when you find folks

studying their Bibles, something is going to happen."

"I believe you," said the boy, soberly; then he added, "Here comes your car."

He waited. Would she ask him again? Perhaps she had changed her mind. But the little old lady looked at him with a keen glance.

"Going back with me, aren't you?" she asked, and added, "I meant what I said this morning."

The boy smiled, and in the glow of it how young he looked, how different, for the light of a new purpose shone in his eyes and radiated from his smile. Even the little old lady did not at that moment realize the great work she had done that day.

"Yes," he said, "I am."

He flushed a little.

"I'd like to belong to your Sunday-school," he said humbly.—*Christian Standard*.

A "Boy-Power" Monoplane

A CALIFORNIA boy has built himself an aeroplane that is far more than a toy. It has no motor, but it goes by "boy power," and the youth and his friends get almost as much fun out of it as men do with the mechanically propelled machines.

The aeroplane is built on the general lines of a Bleriot monoplane. Across the planes it is twenty feet wide, and from its tip to the rudder the length is twelve feet. It has a frame of light pine, covered with canvas, varnished to increase its efficiency. In making the machine the boy was helped by two schoolmates.

In using the machine, the operator mounts the seat. Then a group of boys take the ropes and run along the beach towing the apparatus, which rises with its pilot to a height of several feet. It rises precisely as a kite rises and soars best when drawn against the wind.—*Young People's Weekly*.

Largest Cities of China

	POP.		POP.
Aksu	50,000	Macao	78,627
Amoy	114,000	Moukden	158,132
Canton	1,250,000	Nanking	267,000
Changchowfu	800,000	Ningpo	400,000
Changsha	230,000	Peking	5,671,428
Chefoo	95,000	Shanghai	651,000
Chinkiang	184,000	Shasi	96,000
Chungking	590,000	Sianfu	300,000
Foochow	624,000	Soochow	500,000
Hangchow	350,000	Swatow	68,000
Hankow	820,000	Taiyuanfu	60,000
Hanyang	400,000	Tientsin	693,044
Huchowfu	60,000	Tsinan	34,887
Ichang	55,000	Tsingtao	33,000
Kaifeng	100,000	Tsitsihar	30,000
Khotan	30,000	Victoria	136,900
Kiukiang	36,000	Wenchow	80,000
Kiungchow	42,000	Wuchang	800,000
Kongmoon	62,000	Wuchow	59,000
Kungchang	50,000	Wuhu	129,000
Kwanchengtze	80,000	Yarkand	120,000
Lanchowfu	400,000	Yenchowfu	60,000
Liangchowfu	30,000	Yenpingfu	200,000
Liaoyang	40,000	Yingkow	75,000

Owning Up Handsomely

I READ a great many interesting and valuable suggestions on the Builders' page, and would like to contribute my experience in one instance, which, though a very simple one, taught me a lesson that brought most satisfying results, and was the means of placing me

where I am to-day, in an office position of trust and responsibility.

When I was quite young, I enjoyed helping mother with the work, especially the cooking and baking, and it was my habit to enumerate with great satisfaction my various culinary achievements. The fact that mother was always at my elbow to advise and answer questions did not seem to me, at the time, to figure greatly in the ultimate success of my attempts, and I really appropriated to myself all the credit there was in my accomplishments.

One afternoon I went on an errand for my mother to a friend living on the farm adjoining ours, and found her in bed with sick-headache. I at once offered to stay and prepare supper for her husband and two small children, and she thankfully accepted. "But you will have to make soda-biscuit," she said, "for there isn't a bit of bread in the house. Have you ever made biscuit?" I proudly assured her that I had made them at home, and knew perfectly well how to do it; and having been told where to find a jar of sour milk, the flour, salt, shortening, and soda, I proceeded to the kitchen. I got the flour in the mixing-pan, and the milk before me, and then came a halt. How much milk should I use? Not so much, I was sure, as I used at home. Then how much soda? Finally I decided upon these two ingredients, though a little doubtfully; and then I turned to the shortening. It came to me with consternation that while I had made soda-biscuit many times at home, my mother had always been near to tell me the exact measurements. I realized, with a faint heart, that now, left to myself, I could hardly say I did know how to make soda-biscuits. I can not tell you, Builders, what humiliation came over me as I sought my mother's friend and said: "Mrs. Sevier, you will have to help me some; mother did."

The good neighbor laughed, and then said: "Most of us need a little help, but sometimes we are not willing to ask for it." And then she tactfully went over with me the correct proportions, and sent me back to finish the biscuits. But when the biscuits were upon the table,—they were fine biscuits, too,—I did not feel that I could say with full truth, "I made them." My hands had helped, but Mrs. Sevier was the one who made them a success. That was a simple lesson, but one that has been of immeasurable value to me as I have gone on through the days. From that very time I began taking pains to acquire knowledge in an independent way, and to apply the lesson I had learned in any work I took in hand. I did this by going back carefully over instruction, and then practising by myself before the instructions had left my memory. I have found this very helpful since going into the business world, where I have to take directions for carrying on different branches of work. But most of all, I have found it helped me in owning up when I found I had overcalculated my knowledge and had reached a place where I needed help. One employer once said, "We do not always know what we think we do at the start; but when you come to the end of your knowledge, you own up handsomely." F. G. R.

It does take a little bravery to go back and confess to the fact that we have overestimated ourselves. But the one who can do this "handsomely" is the one who will make friends, and in time win confidence. It is better to be not quite sure enough than to be too sure.
—Selected.

"SUNSHINE—the bigger the dose, the better."



M. E. KERN
MEADE MACGUIRE
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary
Field Secretary
Corresponding Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, November 30

Thanksgiving Service

LEADER'S NOTE.—In the leaflet containing the society programs, we advised that all begin early to gather material for this program, and that all your society members help to gather appropriate songs, poems, articles, stories, Bible texts, etc. We hope you did this. Be sure to have a good program. The articles "How the Mountain View Young People's Society Spent Last Thanksgiving" and "Thanksgiving," appearing in this number, contain good suggestions.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 6—Lesson 7: "The Uplift of China,"

Chapter 7

NOTE.—See questions at close of chapter.

Junior No. 5—Lesson 7: "Winning the Oregon Country," Chapters 9 and 10

1. ABOUT two years later, what conditions seemed loudly to demand possession of Oregon by the United States? What decision was reached?

2. When did the party set out for the capital? Of whom did it consist? Tell of the experiences on the way to St. Louis.

3. Of what did Mr. Whitman there learn? What was his next move? What did he do in Washington? What before returning to his station?

4. How was Congress finally persuaded to take over the Oregon country? When was the treaty for possession concluded with Great Britain? By what right could the United States claim the country?

5. A few months afterward what terrible event occurred at Wai-i-lat-pu? What incited the Cayuse to such deeds? What now became of the mission at that place?

6. How were the Lapwai workers saved from death at the hands of the Indians?

7. Why would you place Jason Lee among the heroes and martyrs of Oregon? When did he die? Where does his body now lie?

Note.—Although God's Word teaches another day than that kept by Mrs. Whitman to be the Sabbath, yet we can but respect this noble woman's convictions as to duty. In what regard should we hold God's true Sabbath!

How the Mountain View Young People's Society Spent Last Thanksgiving

THE Mountain View Volunteer Society celebrated Thanksgiving by endeavoring in a very practical way to make a few of those less fortunate than themselves thankful—thankful in a tangible way. The plan was to send large baskets of substantial foodstuffs to various needy families and individuals in the vicinity. The plan was a success. The older people in the church were visited by a committee, and invited to send to the church Wednesday night or Thursday morning something of worth in the food line, such as canned goods, rice, beans, potatoes, corn, apples, vegetables, in fact, anything that was substantial and of

worth; the golden rule was to guide in the donations. One of the officers visited a few of the grocers in the town, and they responded liberally.

On Thanksgiving morning there was a scene in the church vestry that made one's heart thrill. Three large tables were covered with all the good things from potatoes, beans, and rice, to Boston brown bread, pumpkin pies, delicious buns, and substantial home-made bread. There were tomatoes, canned corn, bananas, health foods, such as caramel cereal, granose, corn flakes, and, without exaggeration, a hundred and one things of value, tasty and appetizing.

There was a bevy of young women to pack sixteen large baskets, and a corps of young men of the society to deliver them. In each basket, besides the good things daintily arranged, was a copy each of the *Signs of the Times* weekly and monthly, and if there were children in the family, a copy of *Our Little Friend*. On the handle of each basket was a card which read, "With a thought of comfort and cheer from the Mountain View Young People's Society of Seventh-day Adventists;" and in the lower corner the text, "O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever."

As in the feeding of the multitude in sacred history, there was an abundance and more; sixteen baskets went to sixteen needy families. The baskets were overlaid with California flowers,—chrysanthemums, roses, violets, and lilies,—just to add a touch of holiday cheer.

We can not portray here the happy smiles and the tears of joy and the sincere and fervent "God bless you," with which the Volunteers were received. Some were followed for yards with repeated blessings for such a kind remembrance; other recipients seemed unable to believe that the donation was "really for them."

The young people finished the Thanksgiving morning's work with faces flushed with pleasure, and hearts made glad because others were happier through their endeavor. They all enjoyed their own festivities the more after spending a portion of the holiday in such philanthropy.

The following Sabbath a Thanksgiving program was rendered, a symposium report of the missionary endeavor being the principal item. We hope ever to widen our circle of work for the Master.

UTHAI VINCENT WILCOX.

• Making Rapid Progress

OUR Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses are making splendid progress. The sale of Reading Course books has been exceptionally large during the last few months. Calls for Reading Course certificates have come in so rapidly this year that it has seemed impossible to publish the names even of those who finished the courses promptly, as has usually been done in previous years. Already nine times as many certificates have been issued this year as were sent out during 1908.

Mrs. L. T. Crisler, of Georgia, holds eight Reading Course certificates. Quite a number of the other conference secretaries hold five or more. The gift-book offered for securing five Reading Course certificates has been sent to each of the following young people:—

Mr. J. T. Jacobs, North Texas, "Judaism to Christianity."

Mrs. J. T. Jacobs, North Texas, "Advance Guard of Missions."

Tressa Smith, South Texas, "Steps to Christ."

George Scharff, British Columbia, "Mount of Blessing."

Nora Keene, Iowa, "Judaism to Christianity."

Effie Nelson, Alabama, "Judaism to Christianity."

Mrs. Edith M. Brown, Massachusetts, "Judaism to Christianity."

Cora E. Warren, Massachusetts, "Our Paradise Home."

Violet Verle Rees, Louisiana, "Advance Guard of Missions."

Several other young persons are almost ready for theirs. Are you? MATILDA ERICKSON.



VIII—A Christian Home

(November 23)

MEMORY VERSE: "Ye should follow his steps."
1 Peter 2:21.

Questions

1. What is said of Jesus' behavior toward his parents? Luke 2:51.
2. For whose future comfort did he provide while suffering on the cross? John 19:26, 27.
3. Repeat the fifth commandment. Ex. 20:12; note 1.
4. What promise is made to those who honor their parents? Eph. 6:1-3.
5. What are children commanded to do? Col. 3:20; note 2.
6. What does Solomon say of a wise son? Prov. 13:1; 23:24, 25.
7. What does he counsel all children to do? Prov. 23:22; note 3.
8. To what does he liken parental instruction? Prov. 1:8, 9.
9. Why does a wise parent correct his child? Prov. 3:11, 12; note 4.
10. How did Abraham set a good example in this respect? Gen. 18:19. Who were blessed through him? Verse 18; note 5.
11. What important counsel is given in Eccl. 12:1; 11:9, 10.
12. What reminder is found in Eccl. 12:14?
13. How may the young live perfect lives? Ps. 119:9-11; Prov. 2:1-6.
14. What did Timothy study in his youth? 2 Tim. 3:14, 15.
15. For what gift does the Lord ask? Prov. 23:26.

Notes

1. "Children have no bump of reverence in these days," said an old gentleman. "Why," said he, "just see how they treat their parents. They speak to them in loud and impatient tones; they interrupt them when talking; they even contradict them. When I was a boy, it was different. I never spoke to father or mother except in the most respectful words and tone. I never dreamed of finding fault with any directions they gave me; and as for interrupting them, I would as soon have thought of interrupting a king or a queen. I never thought of remaining seated when father or mother was standing. I revered my parents, and that led me to treat them with the deepest respect."

2. In speaking of the terrible calamity that fell upon the family of Aaron, the servant of the Lord says: "Nadab and Abihu had not in their youth been trained to habits of self-control. The father's yielding disposition, his lack of firmness for right, had led him to neglect the discipline of his children. His sons had been permitted to follow inclination. Habits of self-indulgence, long-cherished, obtained a hold upon them which even the responsibility of the most sacred office had not power to break. They had not been taught to

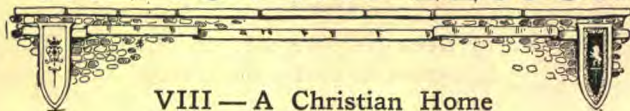
respect the authority of their father, and they did not realize the necessity of exact obedience to the requirements of God. Aaron's mistaken indulgence of his sons prepared them to become the subjects of the divine judgments."

3. Children, with their unformed judgments, should be thankful for the counsel and guidance of their parents, who love them better than their own life. Feelings of rebellion toward their control lead to rebellious feelings toward God. A family without law is a family without order.

4. "On the part of too many parents there is a blind and selfish sentimentalism, mis-called love, which is manifested in leaving children to the control of their own will. This is the veriest cruelty to the youth, and a great wrong to the world. Parental indulgence causes disorder in families and in society. It confirms in the young the desire to follow inclination, instead of submitting to the divine requirements. . . . Let obedience to parental authority be taught and enforced as the first step in obedience to the authority of God."

5. "Abraham's affection for his children and his household led him to guard their religious faith, to impart to them a knowledge of the divine statutes, as the most precious legacy he could transmit to them, and through them to the world. All were taught that they were under the rule of the God of heaven. There was to be no . . . disobedience on the part of children. God's law had appointed to each his duties, and only in obedience to it could any secure happiness or prosperity."

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



VIII — A Christian Home

(November 23)

LESSON HELPS: "Acts of the Apostles," pages 203, 204; "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. I, pages 697-706; Vol. II, pages 414-419; Vol. III, pages 527-534. *Sabbath School Worker*.

MEMORY VERSE: "Ye should follow his steps." I Peter 2:21.

Questions

1. What instruction is given to husband and wife in the home? Eph. 5:22-25, 28-33.
2. What admonition is given parents in reference to their children? Eph. 6:4; Col. 3:21; note 1.
3. What beautiful example is given parents in the life of Hannah? I Sam. 1:9-11, 26-28; note 2.
4. What instruction is given children concerning their duty toward their parents? Ex. 20:12; Col. 3:20. Compare Eph. 6:1, 2. Note 3.
5. What further admonition is given children in this matter by Solomon? Prov. 1:8; 13:1.
6. What example of obedience to his parents is left by the Saviour? Luke 2:51. Compare John 19:25-27.
7. How should the youth regard the aged? Lev. 19:32. Compare 2 Kings 2:23, 24.
8. What important counsel is given the young in Eccl. 12:1? See also Lam. 3:27.
9. What reminder is given? Eccl. 11:9, 10; 12:14; note 4.
10. What will aid the young to live a Christian life? Ps. 119:9, 11.
11. How may all obtain true knowledge? Prov. 2:1-6.
12. What did Timothy study in his childhood? 2 Tim. 3:14, 15. What result was seen in his life? Chap. 1:5; note 5.
13. What was Timothy, a young man, exhorted to be? 1 Tim. 4:11-13.
14. What purpose filled the heart of the young captive Daniel? Dan. 1:8. How was he blessed? Verses 17-20.
15. What striking example is given, showing how the youth may be missionaries? 2 Kings 5:1-3, 14, 15.
16. What does the Lord ask of the young? Prov. 23:26.

17. What great work is to be wrought in homes before the Lord comes? Mal. 4:5, 6.

18. When John the Baptist came in the spirit and power of Elijah, what was the effect upon both parents and children? Luke 1:11-17.

Notes

1. "Children who are allowed to come up to manhood or womanhood with the will undisciplined and the passions uncontrolled, will generally in after-life pursue a course which God condemns."—"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. V, page 38.

"The neglect of parents to properly discipline their children has been a fruitful source of evil in many families. The youth have not been restrained as they should have been. Parents have neglected to follow the directions of the Word of God in this matter, and the children have taken the reins of government into their own hands. The consequence has been that they have generally succeeded in ruling their parents, instead of being under their authority."—*Id.*, Vol. IV, pages 192, 193.

"False ideas and a foolish, misdirected affection have nurtured traits which have made the children unlovely and unhappy, have embittered the lives of the parents, and have extended their baleful influence from generation to generation. Any child that is permitted to have his own way will dishonor God and bring his father and mother to shame."—*Id.*, Vol. V, page 325.

2. "What a reward was Hannah's! and what an encouragement to faithfulness is her example! There are opportunities of inestimable worth, interests infinitely precious, committed to every mother. The humble round of duties which women have come to regard as a wearisome task, should be looked upon as a grand and noble work. It is the mother's privilege to bless the world by her influence, and in doing this she will bring joy to her own heart. She may make straight paths for the feet of her children, through sunshine and shadow, to the glorious heights above. But it is only when she seeks, in her own life, to follow the teachings of Christ that the mother can hope to form the character of her children after the divine Pattern."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," page 572.

3. "Parents are entitled to a degree of love and respect which is due to no other person. God himself, who has placed upon them a responsibility for the souls committed to their charge, has ordained that during the earlier years of life parents shall stand in the place of God to their children. And he who rejects the rightful authority of his parents, is rejecting the authority of God. The fifth commandment requires children not only to yield respect, submission, and obedience to their parents, but also to give them love and tenderness, to lighten their cares, to guard their reputation, and to succor and comfort them in old age. It also enjoins respect for ministers and rulers, and for all others to whom God has delegated authority."—*Id.*, page 308.

4. "Dear young friends, that which you sow you will also reap. Now is the sowing time for you. What will the harvest be? What are you sowing? Every word you utter, every act you perform, is a seed which will bear good or evil fruit, and will result in joy or sorrow to the sower. As is the seed sown, so will be the crop. God has given you great light and many privileges. After this light has been given, after your dangers have been plainly presented before you, the responsibility becomes yours. The manner in which you treat the light that God gives you, will turn the scale for happiness or woe. You are shaping your destinies for yourselves."—"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. III, page 363.

"A little time spent in sowing your wild oats, dear young friends, will produce a crop that will embitter your whole life; an hour of thoughtlessness—once yielding to temptation—may turn the whole current of your life in the wrong direction. You can have but one youth; make that useful. When once you have passed over the ground, you can never return to rectify your mistakes. He who refuses to connect with God, and puts himself in the way of temptation, will surely fall. God is testing every youth."—*Id.*, Vol. IV, pages 622, 623.

5. "Timothy's father was a Greek and his mother a Jewess. From a child he had known the Scriptures. The piety that he saw in his home life was sound and sensible. The faith of his mother and his grandmother in the sacred oracles was to him a constant reminder of the blessing in doing God's will. The Word of God was the rule by which these two godly women had guided Timothy. The spiritual power of the lessons that he had received from them kept him pure in speech and unsullied by the evil influences with which he was surrounded. Thus his home instructors had cooperated with God in preparing him to bear burdens."

"Paul saw that Timothy was faithful, steadfast, and true, and he chose him as a companion in labor and travel. Those who had taught Timothy in his childhood were rewarded by seeing the son of their care linked in close fellowship with the great apostle. Timothy was a mere youth when he was chosen by God to be a teacher; but his principles had been so established by his early education that he was fitted to take his place as Paul's helper. And though young, he bore his responsibilities with Christian meekness."—"The Acts of the Apostles," pages 203, 204.

The Youth's Instructor

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I Know He Will Come

I HAVE a Friend so kind and true,
But the miles are far and the time seems long;
He has said to watch and he'd come again;
I sit in the gloaming,—'tis even-song.

Said the Friend, "If I go, I will come again;
So watch till my chariot you shall hear.
It may be at cockcrow; it may be at even;
It will not be long,—even now I'm near."

The glorious day has waned to its close,
And the sunset gleams across the sky
Have faded into the tender gray;
And the morning watch is a far cry.

But I know he'll come; it will not be long;
So I calmly wait as the moments fly.
Over the hills the morning breaks;
I see his sign in the pearly sky.

And when he comes, I shall no more think
Of the long dark hours I waited here;
I shall run and clasp his garment's hem,
Who has promised no more a pain or tear.

MARY M. MORSE.

Not Ready to Dispense With the Bible

I WENT to a socialist meeting one night not long ago to hear a certain speaker — a brilliant Chinese, Mr. Ng, the editor of a Chinese paper. He was not a socialist, but he addressed the audience upon the great changes which had taken place in his home, China. It was all very interesting, but I was affected peculiarly by the very evident contempt held by the socialistic speakers who answered him, when anything about religion was mentioned. Some of them were rabid on the subject. One man went off almost into a spasm on the joy he would feel if only he could apply the match to burning up all the Bibles in the world. What would he substitute in the Bible's place? In the days when it was unknown, there was no safety for life or property. It seems to me that, merely as a means of safeguard for property (if you wish to go no further), we might stand for that volume. I am a taxpayer in two counties. I am interested.

But I go further than that. I care for the children in our State. I want to see them safeguarded, also. Where the Bible is respected, the laws are respected; where the laws are respected, good government prevails; where good government prevails, there is confidence; and where there is no confidence, there is chaos. Doubtless there are many things which need to be improved, but mainly it is that reverence that has become lost, that reliability and integrity and honor that have become almost obsolete terms in our daily

speech, which is the cause of our decay. We are trembling in the balance. I entreat that we have an uprising in favor of *rightness of conduct and respect* for the Bible as an earnest toward a better social state.—*Selected.*

The Unfinished

AN unfinished obelisk lies in the ancient quarry in upper Egypt. It may have been intended as a sister obelisk to the four great ones now at Heliopolis, London, Paris, and New York. But this one never was brought to completion. The mason's marks are plain enough. The column is massive enough. The stone is strong enough. Yet the obelisk was never lifted into its place. To-day it is half buried in the sand, a monument not to the greatness of royalty, but to the sadness of unfinished toil.

The story of this unfinished obelisk is the story of many a life. Good material, good intentions, good opportunities, good beginnings; but no execution, no completion, no finishing touch, no lifting of the life into its true and destined place. Unfinished!—*Selected.*

The World Does Not Require so Much to Be Informed as to Be Reminded

HYSTERIA

SAY:

His-te'ri-a

NOT:

His'ter-i-a

SENTENCE.—"She was troubled with hysteria" ("e" in "te" has the sound of "e" as in "she").

NOTE.—"Hysterics" is pronounced "his-ter'iks" ("e" as in "end"). "Hysteria" and "hysterics" are interchangeable in meaning.

NOTE.—In the following words "u" is a diphthong, and is composed of "i" as in "it," and "oo" as in "food."

SAY:

DEW

The *dew* is on the grass (not *doo*).

DUE

My note will be *due* to-morrow (not *doo*).

DURABLE

This kind of cloth is very *durable* (not *doorable*).

DUET

Let us play a *duet* (not *dooet*).

BLUE BLEW

NOTE.—When the diphthong "u" is preceded by r, j, or l preceded by another consonant or aspirate, it becomes "oo" as in "food." Thus "rude" becomes "rood," "brute" becomes "broot," "June" becomes "Joon," "blew" or "blue" becomes "bloo."

The sky is *bloo*, but the rain fell and the wind *bloo* (not *bleu*).

DUKE

The *duke* and duchess of Marlborough (not *dook*).

NUDE

His lecture is entitled "The *Nude* in Art" (not *nood*).

DUTY

Do your *duty* (not *dooty*).

ENDURE

I can not *endure* it (not *endoor*).

NEWS

Have you heard the *nuse* (not *noos*)?

SUIT

I have a new *suit* of clothes (not *soot*).

TUESDAY

To-day is *Tuesday* (not *Toosday*).

TUNE

The piano is out of *tune* (not *toon*).—*Correct English.*